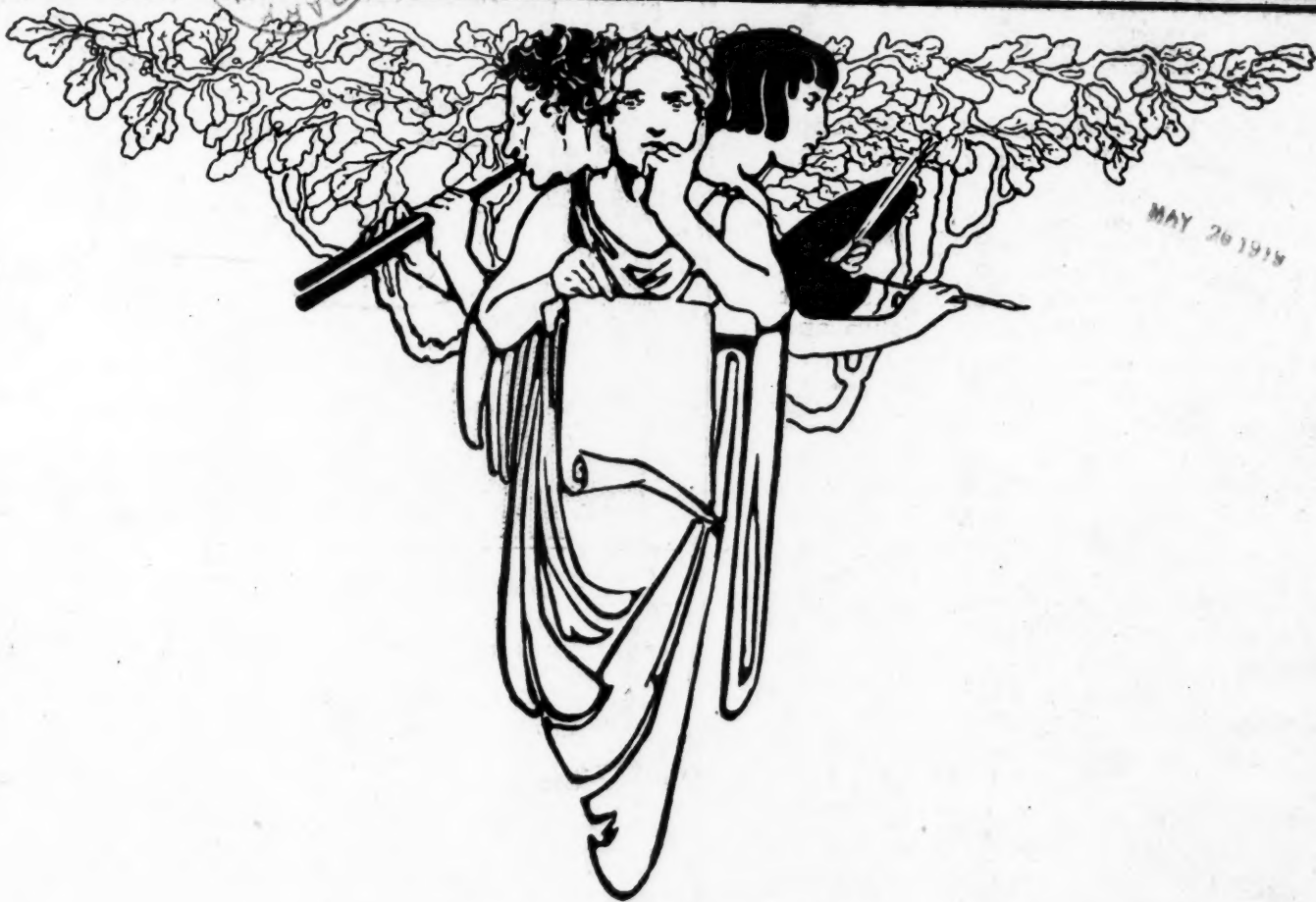


THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1919

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REVOLUTIONARY DAYS by Princess Cantacuzene. Boston: Small, Maynard Co., \$2.

Personal recollections of the Romanoffs and the Bolsheviks, from 1914 to 1917, by the granddaughter of president Grant, now the wife of a Russian prince. As Prince Cantacuzene had the military rank of major-general and was in command of a brigade of the Imperial guard, the princess had first-hand information from both court and military circles. She disclaims any desire to present any one military party in a more favorable light than another, saying that in each group she observed "many a loyal patriot trying to stem the fatal flood, and everywhere there was much suffering;" yet Trotsky and Lenin she refers to as "the two main criminals, without any plans for saving Russia, leading the country to destruction." Illustrated with photographs.

FLESH AND PHANTASY by Newton A. Fuessle. Boston: Cornhill Co., \$1.40.

Fourteen short stories. Readers of "The Million Heir" and "The Legal Mind" which appeared in REEDY'S MIRROR and are included in this volume, will recall the humor, imagination and freshness of thought of those tales and welcome others of their kind. Mr. Fuessle is original and his style is facile—which means that his stories are the opposite of boring.

HISTORY OF ZIONISM, 1600-1918, by Nahum Sokolow. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., Vol. I, \$7.50.

An exhaustive history of the origin, development and growth of the Zionist movement, principally in England and partly in France, during the last three centuries, among Gentiles and Jews. Since Jewish traditions, religion and race all center in Palestine, and since the Jews have retained all three, though scattered throughout all countries, the Zionist body of the Jews ask that they be aided by the nations of which they now form a part in re-establishing themselves as a nation in Palestine, there to engage in the peaceful occupation of agriculturists, craftsmen and intellectuals. The author reviews the work and achievements of the Jews in England and France for the three centuries under consideration, with ramifications into other countries as affected by English Jews. In an introduction the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour endorses the Zionist movement and expresses his belief that if successful it would not only mitigate the miseries and elevate the status of that portion of the Jewish race whose characteristics—created by oppression and ill treatment—make them deservedly unpopular with their Gentile neighbors, but would also benefit western civilization by removing from it a body which it persists in regarding as alien and hostile, but which it has never been able to expel or absorb. Illustrated with reproductions of eighty-nine paintings of persons and events.

SHYLOCK NOT A JEW, by Maurice Packard, M. D. Boston: Stratford Co., 75c.

An impassioned argument against the misconception of the Jewish character at the time of Shakespeare, showing the poet's Shylock to be a perverted caricature rather than a true exemplification of the Jewish race. Edited and supplemented by Adelaide Marshall.

PAINTING by W. A. Sinclair. Boston: Four Seas Co.

A consideration of painting as an art and its reaction upon the beholder. In the nature of a rhapsody. Of the Seven Arts series.

THE SILENT MILL by Hermann Sudermann. New York: Brentano's, \$1.25.

A novel in the well known style of the German fictionist who is also a poet. Perhaps a cue to the story is contained in the last line thereof: "She is expiating the great crime which is known as 'youth'."

REEDY'S MIRROR

Vol. XXVIII. No. 20

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1919

PRICE TEN CENTS

REEDY'S MIRROR

SYNDICATE TRUST BUILDING.

Telephones: Bell, Main 2147; Kinloch, Central 745.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," REEDY'S MIRROR.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

Terms of subscription to REEDY'S MIRROR, including postage in the United States and Mexico, \$3.00 per year; \$1.60 for six months; in Canada, Central and South America, \$3.50 per year; \$2.10 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries, \$4.00 per year.

Single copies, 10 cents.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order or Registered Letter, payable to REEDY'S MIRROR, St. Louis.

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

CONTENTS

REFLECTIONS: League and Treaty—The Message	
—A Big Bank—Roseate Railroad—From Drink to Dope—Good Roads for the Country—Concerning Victor Berger. By W. M. R.	319
THE ONE BIG UNION: By W. M. R.	321
THE TRUTH ABOUT THE PACKERS.....	321
THE PSYCHOLOGY OF DESPOTISM: By John Beverley Robinson.....	322
WALT WHITMAN AND HIS CENTENARY: By John L. Hervey.....	322
SATYAGRAHA: By E. Carlton-Cooper	324
THREE SPECTRA: By Marjorie Allen Seiffert.....	325
OCCASIONAL OBSERVATIONS: XX. Political Poets and their Power. By Horace Flack.....	325
LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE: The Authorship of Shakespeare—The Gospel of the Mailed Fist—	
DYSPEPTIC CRITICISM: By Orrick Johns.....	326
MARTS AND MONEY.....	330
NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.....	318

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

League and Treaty

RADICALS in all countries denounce the peace terms to Germany as being impossible of fulfillment and ruinous to the German people. There grows objection to the League of Nations, too, as giving European and Asiatic imperialism more scope and a strangle-hold through mandates upon the backward peoples. The exclusion of Germany from the league is almost universally condemned, as containing the seeds of future war, which will involve this country. It is a bad principle and a bad principle cannot be rectified in application. The secret treaties stand. There is the sacrifice of China. There is Irish hatred of England working against the league in every land, and the Irish are good politicians. The league is about at its crisis. This is due to its undemocracy. The answer to the criticism is finally this: if not the League, what? Chaos come again. Can America keep out of commitment to the League's and the treaty's details? In view of all that is past, hardly. It is up to Mr. Wilson to save League and treaty in this country and therefore in the world. We shall see.

♦♦

The Message

THE President's message favors lifting the lid on wine and beer, return of the railroads and wire properties to their owners (but how?), tariff readjustments to save industries like the dye industry (the camel's nose in the Arab's tent), reductions of excess profits taxes and those on retail sales, democratization of industry (dealt with in generalities), woman suffrage. The President says he must be indefinite because he has been away so long. The message is not brilliantly concrete. But it is not as vaporous as some others.

♦♦

A Big Bank

THREE large, strong banks in St. Louis—the Union, the Third National and the Mechanics-American—have consolidated, with capital, surplus and profits of \$15,500,000. The one bank, with the concentrated abilities of three, is needed to meet the conditions in highly prosperous and progressive St. Louis. The Middle West won't have to go to New York to swing things financially, now. Criticism is that the consolidation narrows control of credit to a few men. Only for a while. There will be other consolidations very soon. And later, active spirits will break from the consolidations and start new banks. The big merger is in line with the spirit of the time. It is not dangerous, but good.

♦♦

Ocean Crossed in Air

YANKEE aviators have crossed the ocean to the gray Azores and will make Portugal in due course. An Australian tried to reach Ireland in one "hop," but failed, apparently, and may be lost. The successful and the unsuccessful exploits were splendid, though the latter was foolhardy. Flight across the ocean has been accomplished. Man's mastery of the elements is vastly advanced, and it tends to bring men closer together. Which is all to the good for pity, peace and love.

♦♦

Roseate Railroad

A SUSPICION grows that when the facts about government operation of the railroads shall have been made known the people will discover that the administration of those properties has been not more efficient than that of the wire properties. We have been

much impressed by the roseate character of the reports of the administration. The railroad bureaucracy has made a good showing—so good a showing that wise folk in a sinful world are wondering if it is not possible that the men in charge are coloring the facts in the interest of their continuance in authority. Attention has been called to this condition in various comments upon the strain of rapturous laudation in the recent reports of the seven regional directors—all of them veteran railroad men. One would think from reading those documents that there are no difficulties at all in the undertaking. There is no mention of any defects in the system. The directors are very diplomatic. They take care to frame their statements in such fashion that they meet the requirements of headquarters. They are ardently following instructions.

The *Wall Street Journal* cynically remarks: "One regional director opens his report thus: 'Answering your questions of September 20—' Another says: 'As requested by you, there is inclosed a detailed report of the activities undertaken in this region since its inauguration.'" The italics are the *Journal's* own. "But it remained for a regional director of the blessed 'shirt sleeves' type to blurt out the truth in this fashion: 'In reply to your letter of September 20, outlining certain specific points to be embodied in a complete report covering the results and annual savings which have been attained in the . . . region through unification of operation, I attach memorandum,' etc. . . . Only one of these officers ventured to estimate the financial results of the year's operations in his district and by some curious freak of chance this particular region is one in which the compensation of the owning companies was covered by net earnings, with a small balance over. Of the dissatisfaction of shippers with the service and the treatment of their claims for loss and damage, now becoming so vocal, or of the difficulty of staying the recurrent demands of the men with liberal increases of pay, there is hardly a breath in these seven documents. If these were outside the province of regional directors, adequate discussion of them in Director General McAdoo's own report will be sought in vain. Nor is there anything surprising in this unanimous silence. In political as in other human activities, self-preservation is the primal law."

No one needs to be told that the *Wall Street Journal* is not an unprejudiced commentator upon this subject. It is not in favor of governmental operation. It sees the seamy side. From the standpoint of Wall street, all savings in operation have been accomplished at the expense of service. Still it is a fact of common observation that there is great and growing dissatisfaction among the public with the service. Talking with railroad men of all ranks one gets the impression that there is an entire absence in the business of *esprit du corps*. Everybody seems to feel that his status is fixed; that there is nothing in it for him to put forth any special effort; that prospects of promotion and better pay, except for organized labor, are so remote as to be negligible. The attitude of almost everybody is "nobody cares," "what's the use." You come up against this every time you travel or have dealings with the freight department. Officials tell that most of the good men in the service when the roads were taken over have left for better jobs. Even in the higher ranks of the service we hear that officials appear to worry most about the clock and quitting time. All the hustle has gone out of the business. No one has any enthusiasm for any road. You want to go some-

where. Very well; the rate is so much. What road will you take? Any old road. Does it go to so-and-so? There's a map. And the young man or woman, as the case may be, turns to gossip with a fellow clerk. This kind of thing has grown. You should hear an old-timer in operating departments tell about the way the politicians get in their work on the roads. They get jobs for constituents; they use influence to get trains restored to schedules in their districts; they have had stations built where directors declared that there was no need for them. Regional directors have been told at headquarters that they were all right on certain points, but a couple of senators had been heard from and the matter would have to be viewed in a different light. There is nothing of this in the reports of any of the regional directors. They are not asked for it; why should they give it? It would not help the bureau to make a good showing. That is the way with bureaucracies. Everything is all right. All they want in the railroad administration is higher rates—and to hold on. The old operating men in the service have to give "the man higher up" what he wants. There is nothing in their reports that helps in the least towards the solution of the railroad problem. About all the country knows is that the problem must get worse before it can get better. And President Wilson has no plan.

❖❖

From Drink to Dope

MORE opium per capita is used in the United States than in any country in the world, says Revenue Commissioner Roper. There are more than a million drug-addicts among us, using that many pounds of the drug per year, half of it obtained illegally. The illicit drug traffic and use are notable, says the commissioner, in prohibition territory. This in spite of the drastic Harrison law. The dry wave is driving us from drink to deadlier dope.

❖❖

Good Roads for the County

At last, after four years, the \$3,000,000 bond issue for good roads in St. Louis County has been held legal by the United States Supreme Court. The building of the roads will begin at once. Property in the county will benefit by increased land values very much more than the amount of taxation to be expended. And the roads will not be of the dinky, dirty variety favored by the Missouri legislature.

❖❖

The Elephant Comes

REPUBLICANS are in control of congress. They will have to do more than "make trouble" for the President. They will have to show that they are better business men than the Democrats. They must destroy the bureaucracy that began to grow under Wilson before the war. They will have to cut down expenses. All this, if they hope to win the next presidential election. Two things they dare not do—reject or defeat the League of Nations covenant and the treaty with Germany, and impose a higher tariff on the people. They start propitiously in that there is much dissatisfaction with the Democratic administration's policies and their tendencies, but if the Republicans merely "play politics," they will fail of their objective. They cannot put the country back into pre-war conditions. A new world is here. The Republicans need statesmen of vision and grasp of realities. If they have any, who are they? There are many things to be unbungled, but monkeying with them may only rebungle them worse. Many things the Democrats have done well and those things must be let alone. In many things the Democrats have set the country's face in a new direction and a right one. There must be no turning backward to the old rule of those powerful enough to secure privileges by contributions to party funds. No more government of, for and by the few. If the Republicans be not careful not to go too far in reaction, they will invite an uprising of radicalism that may sweep away both them and the Democrats in 1920.

Concerning Victor Berger

CONGRESS is unquestionably the judge of the qualifications of its members. It can refuse to seat Victor Berger. But Mr. Berger was unquestionably elected by the voters of his district in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. They elected him in full knowledge of his attitude towards the war. They may be presumed to have elected him to continue his opposition to the war. It is no wild assertion that people who are opposed to war, and there are probably more of them now than ever before, are entitled to representation. Mr. Berger has been convicted under the espionage acts of interfering with the prosecution of the war by means of speeches and writings, but he has taken an appeal from the action in the lower courts. Until that appeal has been heard it would be unfair to exclude him from the seat to which his constituents elected him. We must remember, too, that the war was opposed by members on the floor of Congress itself. There have been many members of Congress who, at one time, were actually in arms against the country. Of course, they were admitted under special provisions of law to meet that condition; but a country that can welcome to its legislature men who were in armed rebellion against its land and sea forces, can give a seat to a man whose only offense is that he, as a matter of principle, opposes all war. Granting that Mr. Berger was guilty of a crime in his course while the war was in progress, the war is over, and to punish him by exclusion from the national legislative forum now is to exclude him for opinion's sake. There is an absurdity in keeping him out of Congress for saying outside that body what other men said in that assemblage. Until Mr. Berger has been adjudged guilty in the last court to which he can appeal, he is entitled to the seat to which his fellow citizens elected him. After final conviction he will not be eligible to the place. But then it will be within the power of Congress to admit him to membership by repealing the espionage acts and providing for this purgation of whatever offense he may have committed. There are a million or more Socialists in this country. They have a purpose to change the form of this government by orderly process. There is no treason in that purpose. The people can change the form of government any time enough of them are agreed as to the change they want to make. "Americanism," says Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane, "does not mean that any one economic system is right; Americanism does not mean that the United States is a perfected land; Americanism does not mean that any one social philosophy must be accepted as the final expression of truth." Therefore, there is nothing inherently treasonable or seditious in being a Socialist. Socialists are entitled to their political rights. The keeping of Mr. Berger out of Congress will not diminish the number of Socialists, but increase them. In so far as Mr. Berger represents Socialism he is to be considered as something more than an individual. Punishment of him, though of course guilt is personal, will be regarded as a wrong done to the people whose views he represents. However justifiable it may be for the Government to prevent obstruction of its activities in war, it is bad policy to carry over into peace times the practices of repression and suppression of political dissidents that are justified on the ground of military necessity. Instead of the activity we notice to keep Mr. Berger out of Congress, it were better if there were more concerted effort being put forth for domestic reconciliation. While we are so much devoted to the cause of world peace, we should be doing more than we are doing to bring our own people into better harmony. It is time to cease social and political proscription. First get rid of the espionage acts and then take back into citizenship and fellowship all those people who could not see that the war we have just fought was the necessary step to the beginning of the work of abolishing the universally admitted evil of war. Mr. Berger should represent to us a magnifi-

cent opportunity for magnanimity and not for vengeance. We should be as ready to take him back into the fold as we were to receive into brotherhood the men of the confederacy who for four years fought to destroy this nation. They were forgiven because they fought for honest conviction of their rights. Why not deal in like fashion with Victor Berger and his fellow opponents of the war?

❖❖

Mr. Bryan Still At It

MR. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN has been in St. Louis for the better part of a week, at the Presbyterian conference, and has made many speeches on matters connected with the deliberations of that body. There is no denying that he is, to many, old-fashioned, with his unquestioning acceptance of the plenary inspiration of the Bible, but there is a delightful mellowness about him and he bears himself so easily that people who cannot agree with him in most things have grown into a kind of affection for him as a consistent Christian person according to the ancient and dry lights. He is strong for prohibition and identifies it with the teachings of the Saviour, with naive regardlessness of the miracle at Cana and of the Apostle's advice to take a little wine for the stomach's sake. He still stands for Government ownership of the large systems of railroads and private ownership of the smaller lines, as if the problem was as simply soluble as that. On the subject of peace he is very modest. He might point out, if he would, that the League of Nations is but the development of the idea he, as Secretary of State, embodied in some thirty-five special treaties with different countries, before the oncoming of the war. Those treaties provided for the postponement of war until matters of dispute between governments could be thoroughly and publicly arbitrated. Acute analysts of the great Paris covenant declare that it accomplishes definitely no more than exactly that. Mr. Bryan had the world pretty well lined up for universal peace, before hell broke loose in 1914. He was the most powerful peace man in the world until President Wilson left his peace party and accepted his premier's resignation. Mr. Bryan supported the war when it became inevitable and now accepts its results as the greatest advance for Christian principles since the advent of Christianity itself. He is the most distinguished Presbyterian layman in the world except one—Woodrow Wilson. The exception owes much to Mr. Bryan but Mr. Bryan does not boast this fact. He beats any statesman in the world in the graceful acceptance of defeat—even Mr. Taft, for Mr. Taft was defeated but once while Mr. Bryan bore it three times, smilingly. He is genial in his evangelical seriousness. His piety is cheerful. His otherworldliness is not lost in reverie. He told the supreme body of his church, the other day, that it should do more for the common man in a this-worldly way. It should set aside some of its wealth to aid in keeping humbler folk out of the clutches of the money sharks. The church should put its less fortunate members in the way of getting along in a material way. This is not according to the newer philanthropy, but it shows that Mr. Bryan is thinking of the other fellow and that his religion is not concerned solely with self-salvation and that he does not believe altogether in divine predestinations as to the distribution of the goods of this life. Mr. Bryan thinks our universities are handing out a Godless education. He wants the old, anthropomorphic God continued in business—a God in Mr. Bryan's own Calvinistic image, of course, and lots of Calvin in the constitution and the statutes to keep us all straight like Mr. Bryan by fiat. A great flat man is Mr. Bryan. He was that way about free silver, too—a bit of a benevolent despot, for our good, you know. Still and for all, the people have come to like Mr. Bryan but they don't like his medicine. The "Old Doc" has never had a majority yet for any of his prescriptions. But he goes on blithely writing 'em—sure cures all.

The One Big Union

By William Marion Reedy

THOUGH the American Federation of Labor has never looked with kindly eye upon the attempt of the intellectuals of this country to identify themselves with the labor movement, they insist on breaking in. A labor union has been organized by the professors in the University of Illinois to advance their interests. A number of men and women engaged in research work for the Government at Washington have also banded together to secure better pay and better working conditions. We have heard, too, that in several cities reporters are unionizing themselves to bring concentrated influence to bear upon the proprietors of the great dailies for more wages and shorter hours. All the reporters of Great Britain met in a labor convention, last month, and formulated demands for better treatment.

The significance of these things should not be lost upon those persons who are fighting unionism. It means that there is coming to the support of workers with their hands a sympathetic co-operation by elements hitherto indifferent, if not hostile, to the union programme. In England there has been organized a body proudly calling itself the Middle Class Union. Heretofore the middle class has been the butt of the intellectuals and the loathing of the radicals. Between the proletariat on one hand and the capitalists on the other, the salaried man and the small business man have had no participation in the benefits of war prosperity, though they have had to bear the growing burden of the high cost of living. Capitalists and unionists have divided the spoils. So long as they got theirs they did not care how the unhappy "ultimate consumer" fared. The unorganized multitude were submerged. They are now coming to the top for a little air and a place in the sun. They will get both if they stick together. There are more of them than there are of the others. They have as much brains, if not more. They can make those others "stand and deliver" of their rake-off. They can exert as much or more influence in politics and upon legislation. The farmers of the West and South are a more powerful factor in this Government than ever before. In North Dakota they have accomplished a revolution. They have secured control of the State. I think it is a mistake that, in doing so, they are making the State supreme; but that is a thing that can be remedied, when the farmers discover that they have made a machine that may eat them up. Down south the cotton planters propose to control their States and possibly Congress to the end that they may dictate the price of their product. The consumers may have to organize against this. To be sure, this is the class war in full swing, but the more the classes are organized, the sooner they will find out that the remedy does not lie in that direction. The cure for what ails all classes is not in more classism but in more everybodyism. Finally, we must come to the one big union. That union must work for a share for everybody in what was made for everybody, by leaving to each what each produces. We are all workers in the one big shop—the world. Nobody must be shut out who is willing to work. Just to be a human being is the only union card necessary. When the great majority of folks have been gathered into the little unions they will see the truth. That is, that justice for one class or another is not the ideal, but justice for all classes.

How is this to be attained? The answer is that what makes classes is privilege and the chief of all privileges is the privilege of pre-empting the earth in and on which all people who come to this planet—their wishes unconsulted—must work in order to live. When the classes find out, as they must, that the thing that sets them against each other is this privilege, they will destroy it. There will be

room enough for everybody and work enough for everybody when the earth is an open shop. Work will be the rule and not fighting for the right to work and for the full product of their toil. The career will still be open to talent of every kind. Each will get according to what he gives. We cannot in fairness ask for more than that. The truth is one; it is that there is no justice if it be not for all. There would be no classes if everybody

had a fair show, which now they have not. To bring about this fair show is the ultimate of democracy—industrial democracy. Let unionization in small bodies proceed. It cannot but teach that all men have the same interest—that we are all members of one another. Ultimately there must be a union of unions—inclusion, not exclusion, is the road to justice. There must be but one union—the human race—its only bond, equality of opportunity.

The Truth About the Packers

By Benjamin C. Marsh

Secretary The Farmers' National Committee on Packing Plants and Allied Industries

THE packers have denied most of the charges against them made by the Federal Trade Commission. They have claimed and broadly advertised that they are in severe competition, and have been many years, and want to be. But before the Senate Committee on Agriculture, Mr. J. Ogden Armour, head of Armour & Co., with a capitalization of \$156,000,000, admitted frankly that he thought the packing business should be monopolized into one corporation! Here is the record:

MR. HENEY: "And was it your theory that it was a good thing for the country—for the consumers as well as the packers—that the packing business should be monopolized into one corporation—which would make a monopoly, would it not?"

MR. ARMOUR: "Yes."

MR. HENEY: "Was that your idea?"

MR. ARMOUR: "Yes, I think so."

MR. HENEY: "Is that your belief—that that would be an ideal condition?"

MR. ARMOUR: "Why, yes; we thought that by that we could save many, many millions of dollars lost in the duplication of the business."

This frank admission of Mr. Armour, brought out during the inquiry as to the efforts of the Big Five to establish pools, gives the entire case away. The facts are: Starting in 1885, the packers maintained dressed meat pools up to 1902, when they started a series of mergers attempting to consolidate all of the principal packers into a single corporation, which was not completely successful; and then they formed the National Packing Company, which was liquidated in 1912, when a civil suit—after failure of a criminal trial—was threatened.

It is not surprising that when the Borland Resolution for investigation of the packers was before Congress representatives of Swift & Co. wrote to Mr. Louis F. Swift, and sent a copy of the letter to the other four big packers, saying: "We believe that, as it stands today, nothing could stop criminal prosecution, and that the situation is serious."

The Federal Trade Commission, after investigation of the meat packing industry on instructions from the President, reported to the President that they found "monopolies, trusts, controls, combinations, conspiracies in restraint of trade, out of harmony with the law and the public interest." The Federal Trade Commission found that the Big Five:

1. "Are in agreement for division of livestock purchases throughout the United States according to certain fixed percentages."

2. "Exchange confidential information which is not made available to other competitors and employ joint paid agents to secure information, which is used to control and manipulate livestock markets."

3. "Act in collusion through their buyers in the purchase of livestock by 'split shipments,' 'part purchases,' 'wiring on' and 'making' the daily market."

4. Except Cudahy, "through their affiliated companies in South America, combine with certain other companies to restrain and control shipment of beef and other meats from South America to the United States and other countries."

5. "Act collusively in the sale of fresh meats."

The Federal Trade Commission further reports: "The five corporations, Armour, Swift, Morris, Wilson and Cudahy, together with their subsidiary and affiliated companies, not only have a monopolis-

tic control over the American meat industry, but have secured control similar in purpose, if not yet in extent, over the principal substitutes for meat, such as eggs, cheese, vegetable-oil products, and are rapidly extending their power to fish and nearly every kind of foodstuff," and that the methods through which the big packers have acquired their present controls—and which insure easy conquest of new fields—are ownership of 'stockyards with their collateral institutions such as terminal roads, cattle loan banks and market papers; private refrigerator car lines for the transportation of all kinds of perishable foods; cold-storage plants for the preservation of perishable foods; branch house system of wholesale distribution; banks and real estate." The Big Five are in control of many important banks and have as directors close business associates in three banks in Boston, nine in New York, twenty-five in Chicago, and others scattered throughout the country as far as the west coast.

Mr. William B. Colver, chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, reported to the Senate Committee on Agriculture that what was known as packing-plant banks had loans outstanding to the big packers and their subsidiary and affiliated companies totaling \$65,316,710.14 at a recent date, and quite a large proportion of these loans had no security.

The Big Five had an estimated profit in 1917—not including Armour's South American business—of \$95,639,000, which was equal to 26.3 per cent of their capital stock and surplus. The packers keep their books in such shape that no one can tell exactly what their real profits are. In their campaign of advertising as to their virtues and efficiency, they have deducted their reserves for income and excess profit taxes so as to make their profits appear less. A large part of the capitalization of the companies, particularly Armour, is from surplus earnings.

Mr. Armour stated before the Senate Committee that during the fourteen years preceding the great war, 86.26 per cent of the aggregate earnings of the company was reinvested in the business. He admitted that in 1916 Armour & Co. raised its capital stock from \$20,000,000 to \$100,000,000 without receiving one dollar of cash, and Mr. Armour emphasized: "Our company was a family concern." The aggregate capitalization of the Big Five packers is around \$500,000,000 and their sales in 1918 totaled nearly \$4,000,000,000. Until they were forced by the organization of their employees, which resulted in mediation as to wages, to pay decent wages, the packers paid their workers from \$150 to \$300, or over, below the cost of living a decent American life, but the packers have some of the best-paid lawyers in the United States.

As the commission reports: "The Big Five kill, in round figures, 70 per cent of the livestock slaughtered by all packers and butchers engaged in interstate slaughter; merchandise at least half of the interstate commerce in poultry, eggs and cheese; refine 32 per cent of the cotton-seed oil produced in the country—this oil being the chief substitute for animal fat; control the disposal of more than two-thirds of the offal produced in the packing industry and have enormous fertilizer plants; have vast interests in the canning of fruits and vegetables; manufacture over 60 per cent of the oleomargarine produced in the country, and have invaded the wholesale grocery business, including such staples as rice,

sugar, potatoes, beans, coffee and breakfast foods." They control a great number of tanneries and handle three-fourths of the hides produced by interstate slaughtering. In 1917, Armour & Co. went into the handling of rice and became at a single move "the greatest rice merchants in the world," while during that year the price of rice jumped 65 per cent! The Armour Grain Company handled in 1917 nearly one-fourth of all receipts of grain at Chicago. The big packers own 91 per cent of all refrigerator cars; have established huge cold storage plants with capacities beyond the needs of their own output; operate more than 1100 branch houses and over 1300 peddler car routes, which go into over 24,000 cities and towns.

No one objects to the size of the packers if they use fair methods to develop their efficiency and were content with reasonable profits. In point of fact, however, their whole system is inefficient. Most of their big packing plants are located far from the supply of livestock. The loss by shrinkage due to hauling the cattle three to four hundred miles or over is more than the profit which the packers claim per head. The waste of transportation is another big loss to consumer and producer.

There are only 227 independent packing plants in the United States doing interstate business and slaughtering one or more kinds of animals, and there should be at least five times this number, but this would tend to break the packers' monopoly. The big packers' business has been built up by unfair competition; control of railroads, with some of which they are closely tied up; and using their surplus earnings to invade related and unrelated lines of business. They have ruthlessly cut out competition and seek to dominate the food supply of the country.

The Federal Trade Commission has not suggested any socialistic measure to deal with the situation. They have not even suggested government ownership of any packing plants. They merely recommend government ownership of the stock yards; rolling stock, including refrigerator cars; and such warehouses and cold storage plants as are necessary to insure fair and cheap distribution of meat and other products which the packers manufacture. In short, the Federal Trade Commission's recommendations, which will be embodied in legislation, are only to give a square deal to people who want to go into the meat packing and allied industries. As honest business men, how can the packers oppose this?

The Psychology of Despotism

By John Beverley Robinson

LIBERTY! Freedom! Poets have sung its praises. Philosophers have admired it. Statesmen talk about it, with their tongue in their cheek. All men are in love with it, yet all men persistently, in all ages, have clung to their masters and welcomed tyranny.

Whence this contradiction?

To understand it, we must remember that man is a gregarious animal; and, like all gregarious animals, instinctively follows a leader. Moreover, in the flock, or the pack, whichever you prefer, there is always one who, equally instinctively, is a leader. Give the herd a leader, and it will jump over precipices, and follow him even to its own destruction.

It is this earnest desire for a leader which, in man, constitutes hero worship, a warm, glowing emotion which we have all experienced. Give us a king, cried the Israelites, to reign over us. So far from liberty being a "natural right," the really natural thing to mankind is slavery.

We all delight in obeying and serving our hero. His enemies are our enemies, and we willingly undergo privations, pain and death for the pleasure of fighting under his banner.

If our leader were guided by instinct only, as

are the leaders of the beasts, his leadership would never lead him to tyrannize, nor would we, his loyal followers, ever think of rebelling. In man, however, instinct is supplemented by intelligence, and the trouble begins. Our beloved leader, being gifted with intelligence, asks us to contribute for his support, in order to leave him free as a leader, which we gladly do. Gradually his demands increase; we accede as long as we are able, but after a while we begin to doubt whether he is really the best leader we can find.

As soon as he finds us doubting, what does he do? He selects some of us; arms them; prohibits any of the rest of us from carrying arms; passes "laws" prohibiting any of the rest of us from expressing our doubts of his impeccability. For a long time it works well enough. The armed men gathered about the ruler have got just what they want—a living, and a chance to lord it over poor devils of civilians.

But the game is lost from the start. What we really want a ruler for, is to help us do the things that we want to do; and as soon as we realize that our ruler is preventing us from doing the things we want to do, and forcing us to do things we don't want to do, we begin to question what we call his "right" to lord it over us. We begin to make orations about our "inalienable right to liberty."

The wise ruler tries to retain the devotion of his followers. He knows that armed suppres-

sion may work for a while, but cannot prevail against general hatred. He aims at really benefiting his followers; is it his fault if his well-meant measures result rather in benefit to himself? He is not mercenary; he is well-intentioned; but somehow his most philanthropic undertakings work just the wrong way. The really dangerous despots are the benevolent despots.

Such are the prohibitionists who argue, in all good faith, too, that their despotic domination is no encroachment on our liberty, because "it is for our good."

That is where mankind stands now, desiring a ruler, longing for a ruler, in accordance with primitive instinct, but, on the other hand, dimly becoming aware of the lesson that all history teaches, that no ruler can be trusted, least of all a benevolent ruler.

Mankind, too, is slowly beginning to understand that organization, which he must have, is not synonymous with rule. He is beginning to understand that whatever organization he takes part in, be it club, church or social organization, he must keep the power in his own hands, and grant no man, nor any body of men, power to put their hands in his pockets and take what they like and spend it as they choose.

When enough people come to this conclusion, we shall, for the first time since man ceased to be entirely beast, have entered upon a social, instead of a military, civilization.

Walt Whitman and His Centenary

By John L. Hervey

I HAVE been celebrating the Whitman centenary a little in advance of the event by the acquirement of something I have long wanted to possess, namely, a copy of the Second Edition of "Leaves of Grass." This is the edition bearing date of 1856, which has been described as "a fat sixteen-mo of 384 pages containing thirty-two poems in all, including eleven out of the twelve originally published in 1855 * * * Two or three of the poems were daring—even for Whitman—both in title and treatment * * * No publisher's name appeared, Messrs. Fowler & Wells, of New York, who brought out the edition, preferring to withhold their imprint. The most striking external feature of the volume was an extract from Emerson's letter of the year before, now printed in gilt letters upon the back of the new and enlarged edition."

I GREET YOU AT THE
BEGINNING OF A
GREAT CAREER
R. W. EMERSON

It was for this identical inscription that I wanted the book, or, rather, it was the major reason which impelled me to its purchase at a price I should not have afforded, although assured that it was very low. "It is the first copy of this edition I have handled in twenty years," the purveyor remarked, "and at the price is an excellent investment." However, I have not bought it as an investment. It will never go out of my possession while I live and afterward—why, afterward will not concern me. But, speaking of "an investment," I have often wondered who picked up the copy of the First Edition that I once saw exposed for sale in an obscure second-hand shop for the sum of \$1.75? This was at least twenty-five years ago. At that period Whitman's name was familiar to me, I had read him in part, but of the values of the different editions of "Leaves of Grass" I was ignorant. The book attracted me because of its appearance, its striking quaintness and individual aroma. I wanted it, I wanted it very much. But even at \$1.75 I could not afford it, for the support of three persons upon a salary of fifteen dollars per week made even so small "an investment" a thing to

be foregone. My reading had then to be confined to books drawn from the lending libraries, to those which I could borrow and to those which were survivals of a happier time. The purchase of a new one—even if it were an old one!—was a luxury permissible only when chance or occasion found me with some small sum in my pocket which necessity, immediate and inexorable, did not demand for those gross materialities which "keep body and soul together"—and no more. The volume, whose then-possessor and would-be vendor must have been as unaware of its value as was the youth who so curiously, so lingeringly leafed it, was in excellent condition and at that era should have commanded at least twenty-five dollars, as today it would about treble that. If I ever own a First Edition it will, unless secured in some fortuitous manner, undoubtedly mean some such "an investment." I don't suppose I will ever possess it. But I shall hope to—and what is life without hope—especially to a lover of Whitman who, if rightly organized, should be rich in optimism above all else?

As I have said, I wanted my copy of the Second Edition (my "centenary copy," as I importantly shall call it!) particularly because of that inscription emblazoned upon the back—that message from Emerson whose appearance there it has been sought to prove, caused the alienation of the sage from the poet but, as a matter of fact, never did so. Into that discussion, however, I will not here enter. Aside from this edition I have several of the subsequent ones best worth having. It depends upon the point of view, but it has always seemed to me that the opinion of Mr. David McKay, Walt's last "official" publisher, expressed in his preface to his variorum edition of 1900, that "The early editions are now almost entirely out of the market, a fact of no great importance to the reader, were it not that they are sought for more because of their contents than their imprint," is singularly and superfluously inept. If really you care for Whitman, if you love him as he should be loved, these editions are absolutely and inexpressibly precious to you and their possession is a solace and a joy.

It is a legend with the Whitmaniacs that the

"good gray poet"—O'Connor's phrase will never die—was not only despised and rejected of literature in his own day, but neglected and ignored as well. Of course, this is only a part of the larger "legend" accruing about his life and personality, an ideal nucleus for such a growth. Up to the time of his death, in March, 1892, it has been estimated that he had been the subject of over two thousand different books, articles, essays, anecdotes, etc., etc., of sufficient importance to be worthy the attention of the "collector." Since then the sum total of Whitmaniana has become something monstrous and the flood sweeps steadily onward, not so much roaring seaward as it goes (I may be pardoned the Tennysonian imagery, seeing that Walt was a great lover of that poet and if alive today would be delivering himself of utterances to make his devotees, who almost to unanimity are Tennyson-baiters, squirm like impaled insects) as inundating the landscape and obliterating many a landmark which posterity, if it is to find its way about instead of simply floundering or drowning, sadly needs. This being so, it is not without trepidation and a sense of my own superfluity that I venture to add even a drop to the torrent. The only excuse I can offer is my desire to preserve some of the landmarks; or, if I may so express it, my sincerity—that old-fashioned and redundant quality so conspicuously absent from most of the publicity that now attaches to Walt's name and fame and poetry and prose. I expect before long to attend the annual banquet of the local Whitman Fellowship, this year unusually important on account of the centenary; and there, as usual, I shall encounter a considerable assemblage of people, all more or less intense or enraptured or effervescent about Walt, few of whom have read or studied him, have any familiarity with the facts of his life or the nature of his personality, or care anything about him save as a stalking-horse to be paraded or hard-riden apropos some private crotchet or plenary crusade. Who can forbear involuntary evocation of Madame Roland's apostrophe to liberty when he considers the monumental misuse of Walt Whitman's name today! Almost it has descended to the ignoble status of a rubber stamp, blazoned on the brazen forehead of I know not what "movement," advertisement or propaganda most fantastically un-Whitmanlike. This legion, this host of isms and schisms, of émeutes and exploitations, is one of his posthumous penalties, one which, we may say, it were impossible for him to have escaped, though one which persistently he sought to. Alive, he somehow managed this, but it was *Après moi le déluge*.

Yet candor makes inevitable the declaration that the penalty is not undeserved. Never was great poet a more arrant, or, in some ways, a more insufferable *poseur* than was Walt. That the epigoni should, for the most part, also pose, with the heightened arrogance and insufferability that the endeavor to make oneself conspicuous in a crowd implies, could not be other than the rule. Walt himself was outstanding, conspicuous, on account of his isolation, but if there is anything not isolated today it is the Whitmanites. They are gregarious and heterogeneous and vociferous and if the individual would make him (or her!) self heard or seen—so often their sole *raison d'être*—under such circumstances it demands something strenuous and strident beyond the prophet's own easy-going nature, as, afoot and light-hearted he took the open road, in uncouth garments and with slouching gait. Which—need one say?—is not the guise or manner in which the Whitmanites today foregather? No—many of them will roll to the banquet in limousines, the ladies will, for the most part be appareled as was Sheba's queen, though their draperies may be scant whereas hers were voluminous; while the males, even if robust and uneducated,

will, with few exceptions, appear in well-tailored garments, and some, I doubt not, in starched linen and varnished boots, if not even fresh from the ministrations of the manicure. It being along such lines that evolution, for its inscrutable purposes, proceeds.

We must take Whitman as he was and is, and there is no escaping the dross in the debit. Dross in the man and dross in the poet. Walt was not only a *poseur*, he was also, on occasion, an unblushing fakir. Professionally the protagonist of sincerity, he was honeycombed with insincerities—a very complex of them. The great all-acceptor when *en costume*, those things and persons which he rejected make when "tallied" (to use a locution dear to him) a formidable list. Walt, in fact, cannot himself be accepted on his own basis without so many reservations that his "cosmic" quality becomes thereby materially affected. Read in this light, those three "official" volumes of Horace Traubel's "With Walt Whitman in Camden," become at times very painful, disclosing as they so clearly do so much that is uncharitable, the largeness of soul so flawed by littleness of thought and feeling, the breadth of conception so thinned and narrowed when called upon to estimate ideas and individualities with which the temperament could or would not sympathize. It is true that the Whitman of these volumes is the old one, nearing the end, the pathetic physical wreck which destiny had washed into the back-waters of Mickle Street and stranded there in the shabby clap-board "shack," his last, most permanent abode. Not, however, that Walt ever particularly cared what sort of domicile he inhabited—to that he was indifferent, as such a creature of the open was bound to be. Paralyzed, cribbed, cabined and confined, the center of a little *cénacle* ("the junta," as the irreverent called it) of hero-worship as sedulously unwearied as the Perpetual Adoration, it is not strange that he became somewhat querulous and intolerant, dividing people into two sections separated by a quaint line of demarcation. There were "our fellers" and those not "our fellers." And even among "our fellers" there were always *diminuendos* and *arrière-pensées*.

Walt condemned the egoism of Victor Hugo, his insatiable appetite for homage, but in this respect the author of "Leaves of Grass" was little behind the author of "*La Légende des Siècles*." He may have worn the buskin with a different air, in a sort of slapstick way as contrasted with the grand manner of Hugo, but he was playing the same part. Hugo has excited Anglo-Saxon aversion by housing Madame Hugo and Juliette Drouet, his wife and his "muse," if not beneath the same roof, virtually next door to each other, and making no secret of his Turk-like relation with them. Whereas Walt, but for one quasi-confession, the fruit, it is evident, of an unguarded moment, would have succeeded for all time, it seems likely, in screening from the world and the disciples the fact that, while never married, he was the father of six children; none of them, nor their children, ever publicly recognized and the names of their mothers still, and doubtless permanently to remain, a mystery. Whitman flourished in the era of phrenology, and Fowler & Wells, who brought out in 1856 the Second Edition of the "Leaves" (with title-page minus their imprint) were also the publishers of the *Phrenological Journal* and active propagandists of the doubtful "science." In July, 1849, L. N. Fowler had charted Whitman's "bumps" and in their tabulation "secretiveness" is scored but 3 out of a possible 7 points—perhaps an instructive index of the value of this system of "mind reading." For, if there was ever anybody rightly to be called secretive, it was Walt; his secretiveness being, as it was, masked by his assumption of comprehensive candor. There is nothing similar that quite matches the success with which he preserved the "veiled

chapter" of his life from scrutiny. Again and again, in Traubel's volumes, we find the acolyte a-tiptoe for the supreme revelation; and just that often it does not come. On one pretext or another the promise was ever skillfully evaded and in the end the old man died and took his secret with him to the tomb—that tomb, by the way, upon whose construction the supposed penniless and persecuted poet, his destitution the theme of all the apostolic pens, had, it developed, expended some \$4,000.

John Burroughs, one of the arch-apostles, alike in priority and personal celebrity, in what is perhaps his farewell tribute to his master (it appears in his latest volume of essays, just from the press) adjures us to ignore everything but Whitman's greatness, that beside it his weaknesses, his foibles and his faults sink out of sight and should not be remembered. But is not this the reverse of Walt's own teaching, in his truest moments? And would we not be false, alike to him and to ourselves, in doing so? Why translate to an impossible heaven an idol whose very grandeur inheres in the condition that he is so firmly fixed upon the earth?

It is, indeed, in the nature of a misfortune that thus far the biographers of Whitman have been almost invariably either apostles or apologists. Their accounts of him are neither to be slighted nor ignored. In their fashion their value is extreme. From them, aside from what we get from his own writings, we get practically all our knowledge of him. The best of their books—those best worth study—are those of Traubel, of Burroughs, of Bucke and of Bliss Perry among American publications; and, in England, those of John Addington Symonds, of H. B. Binns and Edward Carpenter. To which may be added that volume entitled "In Re Walt Whitman," brought out by his literary executors on the morrow of his death. Of these works, only that of Professor Perry is non-disciplinary. It represents the latter-day New England view-point and aims more determinedly at impartiality than any of the others, though by no means unsympathetic. It is not popular with the Whitmanites, but is indispensable to the student on account of its carefully collected data. The most judicial criticism yet delivered is that of Edmund Clarence Stedman in his "Poets of America." Though written (1880) during Whitman's own life and by a man who was always Walt's friend and defender, it is the estimate of a fine and sympathetic intellect, both critical and poetic, which never abdicated its independence in the presence of the bard. Today—forty years after—some of its judgments seem singularly clairvoyant, especially the closing one, so shrewdly and veristically prophetic. Forecasting Walt's future, the critic there says: "Of all our living poets, he is the one most sure—waiving the question of his popular fame—to be now and then examined; for in any event his verse will be revived from time to time by dilettanti on the hunt for curious treasures in the literature of the past who will reprint and elucidate him, to join their names with his." Only consider, if you will, that *annus mirabilis*, 1912, and all the dilettanti that it awakened and made vocal calling him loudly "Master!" * * * It should be remembered that this critique of Stedman's was written when Bryant alone of all the "New England School" had "passed"—Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, all were living and at the height of their fame. It is interesting to learn that this estimate was written as one of a series for the old *Scribner*, later transformed into *The Century*. The editor, at the time, was Dr. J. G. Holland, and he objected to publishing it, but Stedman was firm and insisted upon its appearance in the magazine, and Holland yielded. And it is farther interesting to know that Stedman having related his difficulties with the editor of *Scribner* to Mr. William Dean Howells, who was then editing the *Atlantic*, the hospitality of that magazine was at once offered for the essay—another fact showing that Whitman never lacked worth-while apprecia-

tion in New England. At the time of its appearance, however, Walt was rather dissatisfied with it and complained that Stedman, while his loyal friend, was "afraid to let himself go"—which we may accept as an euphemism, illustrating that what Walt would have liked was a more devout and unre-served genuflection. But his own better judgment prevailed and on his deathbed he said to Stedman that it was the best criticism of his work that he had ever read.

Among brief studies, that of John Jay Chapman is one of the most vivid and refreshing, though exposing the astigmatism of the writer. Stevenson's "familiar study" has been one of the most widely read items in Whitman literature, simply because R. L. S. wrote it. While characteristically readable it is equally insignificant, containing as it does no thought not elsewhere expressed and no original conclusion of importance.

The one thing most clearly perceived at the outset by critics of Whitman was that he had missed his aim in so far as reaching the masses—his avowed object—was concerned. This is just as true today, when his centenary has arrived, as it was fifty years ago. Whitmanism is still a cult, an enthusiasm or an affectation of the classes, and the swell of any contrary clamor cannot muffle the fact. Of this there is perhaps no better proof to be adduced than the lack of anything notable in a literary form in celebration of the centenary. I have looked in vain for the announcement of any volume of importance issued in commemoration or otherwise. The nearest approach has been the publication, last year, of the alleged "love letters" of Walt and Mrs. Gilchrist, an *opus* in which Whitman himself was seldom present, while its heralded "revelations" proved practically nil.

It is true that at the present time the problem of producing anything really new or valuable in the shape of a book about Whitman presents difficulties not to be ignored. Yet it has seemed to me strange that one of Walt's aspects rich with material most attractive and intriguing remains a field still fallow. I can imagine no book of its kind that should be surer in its appeal than one that might be called "The Portraits of Walt Whitman," which would include a judicious assemblage of those so-striking "counterfeit presentments" ranging from the earliest to the last, from the shaggy young proletarian, announcing himself with barbaric yawn, to the druidic bard, "hoary white with eld," in whose dim eyes lurk shadows of the approaching end.

If Whitman was a *poseur*, never was he more successfully so than when he posed for the painter, the sculptor or the camera. How arresting, how immediately challenging, is that shirt-sleeved, slouch-hatted, bare-throated, loose-jointed, loaferish figure that looks so questioningly out of the little old steel plate that, with characteristic bravura, he prefixed to the First, and again to the Second, edition of "Leaves of Grass"! This is the famous engraving by Hollyer from the daguerreotype of 1854, by Harrison. There seems to be no portrait of the good grey poet in childhood, boyhood or youth that has survived and this is the earliest one that we possess. But there is another perhaps as early, the daguerreotype from the Johnston collection, reproduced as the frontispiece to the Binns biography. It shows Walt at thirty-five, the head and shoulders only, full-face, a veritable "close-up" incredibly intimate and revealing. Scrutinizing this physiognomy we discern in it all the germs of that strange material-mystic Pan-Priapus-Silenus that we worship. Were the ears but goat-shaped well might one fancy oneself gazing into the face of some faun or satyr, some sylvan strayed straight from Theocritus. It is the countenance of the man of whom Thoreau wrote—and Thoreau idolized him: "He does not celebrate love at all. It is as if the beasts spoke * * * He occasionally suggests something a little more than human."

There came great changes, but the something Pan-like, the something more than human, never

vanished. Whitman grew grey early and then white. It seems doubtful if he could have been good-looking in his early days, though Professor Perry will have it that even in his thirties he was handsome. But he aged into a picturesque magnificence of nimbus'd venerability by stages which, in his successive portraits—we have, happily, a large and comprehensive gallery of them—afford an unequalled exposition of the human and poetic personality for the rapt study of the "restless analyst." There is, as I have said, something druidical and godlike at the last—but it is always a god of the wood or of the wild, or, at best, the field or orchard, and his bust might well have served as a *term* in the garden of Epicurus or gleamed through the ilex shade where Vergil wrote the "Georgics." Gradually it grew more humanized, but it never lost the elemental, the primordial cast, benignantly unmoral. The final sunset grandeur clothes as with immortal radiance one portrait in particular—that which is reproduced in the beautiful "Riverby Edition" of John Burroughs' "Whitman." With dying gaze fixed deeply on eternity—Walt died soon after—he seems there to await the summons, august, almost sublime.

*"This is thy hour O soul, thy free flight into
the wordless,*

*Away from books, away from art, the day
erased, the lesson done,*

*Thee fully emerging, silent, gazing, ponder-
ing the themes thou lovest best,*

Night, sleep, and the stars."

Thomas Eakins, recognized dead if never living as one of America's greatest painters, toward the end of Walt's life (it dates at 1888) painted the portrait that apparently the old man himself liked best—it hangs now in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia. Herbert Gilchrist painted what Walt somewhat scornfully designated "the parlor Whitman," but Eakins' brush has left us something quite different. His friends, the *cénacle* especially, never liked it, resented it, in fact, but Walt, Traubel records, was "obdurate," saying: "For my part I consider it a masterpiece of work: strong, rugged, even daring * * * I stick to it." He did, however, make the reservation that it was a touch somewhat too Rabelaisian. And in truth there was not much of Rabelais in Walt, who, if phallic, was never prurient, if carnal was yet not crapulous and would have found Thélème far from an ideal habitation. What perhaps won Walt to the Eakins portrait was its almost Hals-like quality, its revelation of those Dutch elements in his ancestry upon which he always fondly dwelt, holding himself, as he did, the son of his mother, Louisa van Velsor, rather than of his begetter, Walter Whitman, senior.

Yes—this book I have imagined, "The Portraits of Walt Whitman," would tell us something more about him than we now know—and, as Henry James has said (James, Walt once remarked, "is only feathers to me"!) anyone whom we wish to know anything about we want to know everything about. Nothing could be more profoundly true, particularly of such a man as Whitman. The biographer and critic capable of fusing into an organic, orbic whole all that there is to tell of him has not yet arrived, and perhaps, never may. This is because he must combine the tirelessness of a Teutonic dryasdust in the pursuit of facts and the sifting of evidence with the clairvoyant felicity of penetration and presentment of a Frenchman, while at the same time possessing an American inheritance enabling him to enter into and to understand the time and place and race of the man as only an American could. To hope for such a combination seems almost hopeless, but until then we will have only partial portraits and angling views of the colossal, autochthonous monolith which rises upon our literary landscape, rough-hewn, amorphous, its approach rugged and strewn with scoriae, its base disfigured by grotesques, but that yet soars starward and fronts the infinite.

Satyagraha

By E. Carlton-Cooper

SATYAGRAHA is a word we shall see and hear frequently in the near future. It is an Indian word, meaning literally, fidelity to truth. Its special meaning just now is passive resistance. It is used by the Indian people as descriptive of a method of protest against the oppression of British rule in their country. For there is grave trouble throughout India. It began in the Punjab. Some agitators for home rule were creating unrest in Amritsar and orders were issued for their expulsion. There was a large riot and several Europeans were killed. Much property was damaged. The excitement spread quickly to Bombay. Later there were riots in Calcutta. The movement swept straight across the country. There had been trouble with the Sikhs during the war and lately discontent had spread among soldiers back from the army. Long before the war, educated natives were active in agitation against foreign domination. It was thought, however, that the masses were fairly content. A strange feature of the disturbances was the fusion of Hindoo and Moslem elements hitherto thought to be hopelessly antagonistic. The riots involved all element of various communities.

Readiest of explanations was, of course, Bolshevik propaganda; but there was another cause—the Rowlatt Act. That measure gave the Governor General in Council the right to empower the police to search and arrest persons in disturbed districts. The populace resented the order. One Gandhi, a revolutionary leader, proclaimed a day of humiliation in protest against it. The act was regarded as a poor return for loyalty in the war. Satyagraha developed quickly into active resistance. Four prominent members of the Viceroy's Council resigned in protest against the act.

Indian loyalty in the war was magnificent. The Germans had calculated that she would revolt as soon as the first shot was fired. Instead, India spontaneously rose to Britain's support. She turned out vast quantities of munitions. She supplied that huge force of colored labor behind the fighting lines everywhere. There were a million Indian soldiers on the Allied fronts. The people of India remained quiet. That left Britain free to fight without having to keep a vast force in occupation as protection against revolt among them. This loyalty seemed at first to touch the British, and in August, 1917, Parliament passed a resolution pledging progressive self-government to India. The action was unanimous.

The Rowlatt Act was passed by the Viceroy's Council, at Delhi, on March 12, 1919. This is said to be "the most formidable coercion act among the statutes of the empire." It was passed after the rejection of over one hundred sixty amendments designed to mitigate its severity. No native leader has approved it even in principle. According to the London *Nation*, the Act provides, by way of preventive treatment, for the trial of suspects by a special tribunal of three judges. The accused is deprived of his rights in court and from the judgment there is no appeal. Indian leaders say that the Act makes any political activity revolutionary. No order under the statute can be called in question anywhere. Before the bill was passed Indian representatives told the Government that its passage would be signalized by a movement of passive resistance. The Home member in charge of the bill said the Government could not be deflected from its purpose by any such threat and the law was passed. "Thereupon," says the *Nation*, "the first Sunday in April was set apart as a day of public humiliation, marked by a twenty-four-hour fast and the inauguration under Mr. M. K. Gandhi, of a new order of passive resistance—Satyagraha. Already, a week earlier, riots had broken out in Delhi and April 6 proved to be less a fast day of humiliation than the birthday of

the Indian revolution." News was censored. From fragmentary dispatches laboriously pieced together, a picture of conditions in India might be obtained by those who had the requisite patience. During four or five weeks revolt declared itself in Calcutta and Bombay, Delhi and Lahore, Amritsar and Ahmedabad and maybe in a score of other cities. Banks and government buildings have been burned. Europeans have been attacked and in some instances killed and, doubtless in accordance with concerted plans, the mobs have made particular marks of railways, telegraphs, and every other means of communication.

As always, in the presence of such peril, the Government employs its utmost force of repression—troops and armored trains, machine guns and aeroplanes; and it is clear that in several cities the casualties are numbered by hundreds. The civil resources at the command of the Viceroy are practically unlimited in any emergency and they have all been mobilized. Prominent men have been deported or interned; old laws of repression have been dug up and enforced, some from as far back as 1818. A measure of external order has been restored. But all accounts agree that the ancient feuds between the various Indian communities have been suspended. Hindus and Mahomedans, Sikhs and Marwaris, make common cause against the European and the ruling power. "Not since the Mutiny has India witnessed so fierce and spontaneous an outbreak against the English. Never before has the Government been confronted with so powerful an aggressive movement against commercial and bureaucratic Imperialism." The evidence is overwhelming that the Indian people have attained political consciousness and racial unity.

All conditions seem to favor an intensification of dissatisfaction. Governmental coercion concentrates the discontent. There are high prices on top of famine. Millions have died of plague and influenza. Returned soldiers and laborers from behind the front and workers in the munitions plants are restless. The overthrow of Turkey has set the Moslem multitudes seething. Nor must we forget that the agitation for home rule, going on for more than a decade, has been facilitated by war conditions until it has penetrated the country to an extent never known before. The remotest villages have been affected.

What is to be done? India is in much the same case as Ireland. India could have been won, as Ireland could have been won, if her loyalty had been met in a proper spirit of accommodation. The loyal rally of both countries to the cause of the empire was met with a proffer of "home rule" with a string to it. The Montagu report promised almost all that reasonable Indians felt they could expect. And now both countries are being coerced when they should be conciliated. Just when they most deserve higher recognition as factors in the empire they are thrown back into humiliating inferiority. Their sacrifices are thrown back in their faces. Ireland has declared her independence. India proclaims Satyagraha. Ireland will have none of Satyagraha. India cannot expect to keep her resistance passive. Great Britain may win what she wanted in the League of Nations but she may lose India. She might have won Ireland, too. In both lands, with both peoples, great opportunity was lost for solidifying the empire. India wants the self-determination that British ministers have proclaimed for other people. She purposes getting it by Satyagraha, but passive resistance cannot be controlled. Under cover of it an Indian revolutionary party is at work everywhere. And the Bolsheviks are on hand, and busy. The way out is for Great Britain to put the Montagu-Chelmsford policy into operation, but the British reactionaries are not so fearful as they were in 1917 and they are hedging on those liberal proposals of self-government for India that they cheered so wildly in the Commons two years ago. The devil was sick. The devil is well. And so—Satyagraha—and probably revolution.

Three Spectra

By Marjorie Allen Seiffert

I. THE WIFE OF AN ARTIST.

YOU—
Who sweep the temple,
And deck the altar,
And light the candles,
And hurry out
Before the service—

Did you never
Glance at the picture over the shrine
And recognize
Your face?

II. FORGIVENESS.

I will forgive you everything—

Your vanity
Which cried for love,
Your beauty
Which won my love,
Your blindness
Which ignores it—

But if you cease to be vain,
And blind, and beautiful
My love will die.

I will forgive all things
But this.

III. AN EPITAPH.

Courage is a sword,
Honor, but a shield—
Here lies a turtle.

Occasional Observations

By Horace Flack

XX POLITICAL POETS AND THEIR POWER.

WHEN the late Alfred Tennyson announced his arrival in world-politics, he was hailed with gladness by many on his own representation that he "was too proud to care from whence he came;" that a simple maiden in her flower is worth a hundred coats of arms; and that from yon blue heavens above us bent, the grand old gardener and his wife smile at the claims of long descent.

With such credentials as these, he soon had a "Liberal" support formidable enough to make him first a laureate and then a lord, in which capacity he revived British Toryism in its most objectionable forms from the Sixth Century, A. D., to the Crimean War and the revival of Bourbon imperialism under Louis Napoleon. While Victor Hugo, as a political poet, refusing to recant, was driven out of France, the British laureate was writing down his first declaration of the worth of mere manhood, and serving as an educator in American high-schools, teaching that the "common run" of people without coats of arms are frightfully dangerous. In his final comparisons, the danger from them appears as the glaring eyes of a lion, seen through darkness as the campfires of the better element are allowed to burn low.

In all this, the late Lord Tennyson was elegant and refined, while Mr. Rudyard Kipling deliberately refused to be either. When he wrote of *mania-a-potu* and rhymed "monkey's skinned and crimson," with "jims-on," Mr. Kipling, who is an artist in his line, intended to vulgarize his verse sufficiently for the strongest contrast with the elegant refinement demanded by the Tennysonians. He certainly succeeded and he certainly

popularized Toryism far more effectively than Tennyson had been able to do. Except in this there is no difference. The Tennysonian knights with their waving plumes and shining lances mean politically exactly what Kipling's "blooming Tommies" mean when they "spade the niggers under" in cleaning up after a hard day's work in the management of a colonial empire.

Of course, as this is essential in any colonial empire, it is unavoidable in either the very refined or the very "common" verse which represents it. Whether we are prejudiced in favor of such verse or against it, we are under obligations to understand what it means in politics, if we are to understand politics at all.

When Lord Tennyson's policies are to be carried out through a "parliament of man, a federation of the world," which, as Mr. Kipling explains its purpose, is to control and regulate the "sullen, stubborn peoples, half-devil and half-child," this "ideal," or whatever else it may be called, is manifestly powerful enough in the Twentieth Century America to create what is taken for granted as a winning issue against all that was said and done by Samuel Adams and James Otis, by Washington, Franklin and Jefferson in attempting to establish the opposing idea of human liberty and manhood rights. Those who undertake to control the world politically with the heaviest cannon, may note for their own information that such a thing as this could not have been made possible in America by all the cannon in the world.

There is something encouraging in this, even when we take it most to heart at its worst. Of course, no one who knows what Toryism means, and must mean, in controlling the earth, can ever be willing to surrender the control of the earth to it, but as a phase of life on earth, Toryism is the oldest known epidemic affecting both minds and morals. Our best and dearest friends may be by nature Tories, and if our influence does not cure them, it is of ourselves that we should think less, and not of them. For it has been said:

*"Tories are excellent men, who will knock you down
till you stay down;
Then if you tell them 'enough,' surely they'll treat
you quite well.
Taking great pains, they will educate and elevate
you to serve them—
Knowing them excellent men—feeling how much
they excel."*

It is much more natural to try to improve other people than to try to improve ourselves. When they refuse to be improved by us, or are very stubborn and slow in learning, we must be angelic not to wish to knock them down, or put them in jail, or secure the passage of a law to fine them, or compel them in some other way to submit for their own good to our superiority. I suppose that if Gabriel actually blows a trumpet to announce that the period of education on earth is over, Tories will then be busier than ever and more benevolent than ever in getting new laws, new prohibitions, and new regulations of all kinds for the improvement of the stubborn and the sullen, who maintain that if they improve at all, they have a natural, inherent, inalienable right to do it in their own way. I suppose, too, that if Gabriel's trumpet stops this,—as I do not expect it ever to stop otherwise,—it will be through some compelling power of melody, which the utmost melody of our political poets does not even faintly suggest. I do not think Gabriel capable of anything essentially harsh, but if his blast is the sweetest music ever heard on earth, announcing the end of Toryism forever, it may be very formidable to me. For if it sends my Tory friends all to the left hand, I do not know that I will be able to bear to lose them. I may go with them.

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Letters from the People

The Authorship of Shakespeare

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Avez vous lu "Sous le Masque de Guillaume Shakespeare" par M. Abel Lefranc? Non? Attendez donc! Je vous dis quelquechose.

Bar me not from your hospitable columns, fair sir. I do not plead. I demand as a right, even as Anarchasis Clootz demanded representation of the unrepresented. In the name of Truth, of Justice, of Honesty, of Literature, I call upon you, and should you refuse, may the literary spirits from Caedmon to Chesterton rise in protest. For I am pregnant with an idea that requires utterance.

Delia and Donnelly were wrong in attributing the authorship of the plays to Bacon. Karl Bliedtrey, who was aided and supported by Celestine Demblon, was equally in error in believing Rutland to have been the author. Today I proclaim M. Lefranc no nearer the truth, when he says that William Stanley, Sixth Earl of Derby, wrote them. Nor did William Shakespeare write them. The real author I pro-

claim to your readers to be none other than he who also wrote the Psalms—King David. And the proof rests on secure foundations, as you shall see.

The merest literary tyro will be struck by the fact that the language of the Psalms and that of the characters in the so-called Shakespeare plays is similar. Further, while the death of the so-called Shakespeare was in 1616, the King James' version of the Bible first appeared in 1620. These dates form a key to the mystery. To elucidate, have your comptometer girl add together the numerals composing the two dates thus:

$$1+6+1+6+1+6+2+0=23 \times 2=46$$

You multiply by two, because of the dually claimed authorship. Now bear the number 46 in mind. You will need it presently.

When these two lights had dawned upon me, like M. Lafranc, I began to suspect Shakespeare as a masquerader, but suspicion did not become certainty until later. Then, like M. Lefranc again, there came a day when I was profoundly moved. Having nothing to read one night while in a country hotel

but a Tarzan book and the Bible, I chose the latter and opened it at random. Reading somewhat hastily, I was struck by the fact that King David often expressed the hollowness of high estate. Flash-like, a remembrance of a similar sentiment came to my mind, and after cogitation I remembered having recited the passage when a boy at school. It ran thus:

*"Verily
I swear 'tis better to be lowly born
And range with humble livers in content
Than to be perked up in a glistening
grief
And wear the golden sorrow."*

HEN. VIII, ACT 2, SC. 3.

Again like M. Lefranc, I asked myself whether so strange a coincidence might not furnish the clew so long desired, and orient research in a new direction. Swiftly came a confirmation.

Turning the pages of the Bible, my eye fell on this:

"It is better to dwell in a corner of the housetop, than with a brawling woman in a wide house."

Rushing out I bought a Globe edition of Shakespeare at the corner drug store and turning to "Richard III," Act 4; Sc. 4, found this:

*"Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale
Women rail on the Lord's Anointed."*
then, rushing back to my bed room, I found this:

"Lord, how are they increased that trouble me?"

(It is well that the reader mark the expressions "Verily" and also "The Lord's Anointed.")

Calling for ice-water, I set to work to follow the trails that now came thickly. The little incident of a young woman playing the "Humoresque" transposed into C major on the hotel



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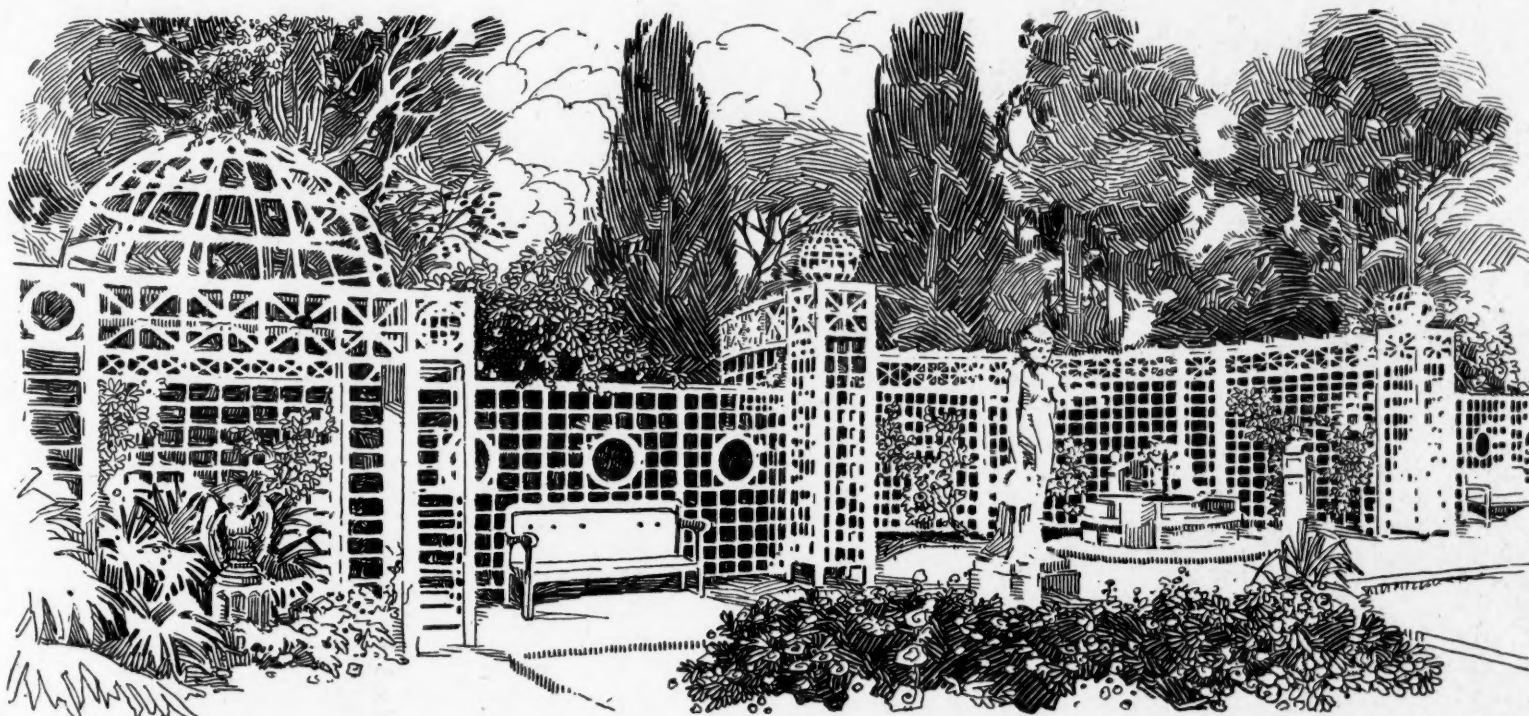
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piano, carried my mind to music. I recalled David and his love for that elevating art. Surely, I thought, he must have hidden a reference to it somewhere in the plays. I was right. In "Twelfth Night" I found this:

"Play on. Give me excess of it"

And then too, there was David's own description of himself set forth:

"A pretty youth

The best thing in him is his complexion
There was a pretty redness in his lip."

Now for a parallel, I turned to I Sam. 16:14.

"Now he, David, was ruddy and withal of a beautiful countenance and good to look upon."

If this is not enough (and people are sceptical) there is written in the 18th verse of the same chapter:

"I have seen a son of Jesse that was cunning in playing."

Then there appeared what may be called a bold confession. He says:

"I hold the world but as the world—
A stage where every man must play his part."

There David lets us into the secret, and, plainer still, gives us a cross reference in the 45th Psalm when he writes

"My tongue is the pen of a ready writer"

and further on:

"My heart is inditing a good matter" and still again, laughing up his sleeve because he is handing the name of a no-one to posterity, he writes:

"I will make thy name to be remembered in all generations; people shall praise thee for ever and ever."

Was ever joke more boldly propounded?

Then, too, as M. Lefranc has pointed out: "All the Shakespearean plays, with one or two exceptions, are situated in the courts of kings or in the abodes of the great. Never have the ideas and the sentiments of princely and aristocratic milieu been comprehended and described with a more intimate, a more subtle penetration. Similarly, the significance of race, of nobility, of blood, never met a more sympathetic interpreter. No genuine connoisseur can hesitate to recognize this general trait in the immortal works. Everywhere, and especially in the political pieces, we feel that it is a member of an aristocracy who is speaking and that he treats

things from the view-point of an enlightened noble, with the conceptions peculiar to a member of the ruling class."

At the commencement of this letter I pointed out how, by adding the two dates of Shakespeare's death and the first appearance of the James' version of the Bible, and multiplying by two, we arrived at the number 46. Now 46 is a result of multiplying the mystical number 7 by itself and deducting the mystical number 3 from the result.

David took the four vowels A E E A and the six consonants S H K S P R (members of the Masonic fraternity will know why some of these were chosen and thus retaining the magic number



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SHAKESPEAR
Vowels 4—consonants 6. Count 'em!
Now turn to the 46th Psalm and count
forty-six words from the first and you
have the word

SHAKE
Now commence at the last word and
count forty-six words upwards and you
find the word

SPPEAR
This should clinch the argument for any
fair-minded man.

Of course, you have the word "Selah,"
but this gives an added support to my
theory. It is simply a transposition of
"Alas!" of "Alas," meaning plainly

that notwithstanding all that had been
set down, it would be Greek to *hoi*
polloi.

CHAS. J. FINGER.
P. S. I have tested all the calcula-
tions with a Burrough's adding ma-
chine and can vouch for their correct-
ness.

❖

The Gospel of the Mailed Fist

St. Louis, May 14th, 1919.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

In a recent interview with Ole Han-
son, Mayor of Seattle, after recounting
his actions during a recent strike in
that city, the interviewer says:

"Pretty much of the time since, he
has been busy telling other communi-
ties that the only way to deal with labor
agitators is to punch with a mailed fist
and punch hard."

The events of the war have made
necessary a new gospel of life and
Hanson seeks to supply the need with
his "Gospel of the Mailed Fist."

While the Government is rounding
up "Reds" and deporting others re-
garded as "undesirables," they should
not overlook Hanson, for in the last
analysis, his Gospel of the Mailed Fist
is Bolshevism in the embryo. A man
treated harshly will respond harshly.

Ole proposes to maintain a democratic
form of government in this country by
means of the mailed fist. The Auto-
crats of Russia made that idea the
basis of their form of government and
Bolshevism followed as a natural se-
quence when the arm that wielded the
mailed fist fell palsied in its socket.

Hanson overlooks the fact that in the
long struggle of the English speaking
people from the enfeigning of Magna
Charta to the present time to enforce
the rights of the common people against
the domination of "privilege," we owe
more to the agitator than we do to the
Judge or the Statesman. Hanson's idea
carried to its logical conclusion in this
country means a revolution. Those who
have hired him to tour the country in
their interest do not realize that such
talk will only tend to hasten a condi-
tion that they seek to avoid. Brooks
Adams has well said that when the
court held Hampden liable for the
Ships Money they draped the scaffold
for Charles the First. When the Parlia-
ment of Paris refused to register Tour-
got's edict touching the *courvee*, they
opened wide the gates by which the
aristocracy of France passed to the
guillotine. The Gospel of the Mailed
Fist is the Gospel of Force and those
against whom force is used will re-
spond in kind. As the class that Hanson
is denouncing far outnumbers the class
that has hired Hanson to represent
them, it means that there will be an
ultimate overturning of the existing
government—that is if Ole and his
backers try to carry out their mailed
fist program.

Men yet in middle life can well recall
when a working man was compelled to
labor eleven and twelve hours a day
under the most adverse conditions, for
a wage that was scarcely one-fourth of
what he now receives for eight hours
a day and under vastly better condi-
tions generally. It is needless to say
that this change has not been the re-
sult of gracious concessions on the part
of the employer, but, on the contrary
the improvement has resulted from the
most bitter struggle that is recorded
in the annals of history. Surely we
cannot say that it is due to the wisdom
of the statesman, for the legislators have
only responded since the working man
has become such a power in politics that
his demands cannot be ignored.

The fact of it is we do not live in
a finished world. On the contrary, we
live mostly in a world largely of our
own creation. The outlines only are
furnished and we fill in the details. We
have been wont to regard the labor
agitator as a man bristling with human
faults, marred with human mistakes,
scarred and seamed and rifted with
human troubles; in the retrospect we
must now regard him as an Evangel of
the Larger Light. The man who works
for a living sells the only thing he has
to sell—his vitality, his energy, in the
exchange for the bare right to live. As
we said a moment ago, when he has
been treated harshly he has responded
harshly, and it has been in the main this
harsh response that has enabled him to
lift himself out of a life of deficit and
pain.

Let Ole Hanson and those of the em-
ploying classes who have hired him re-

member that neither the silence imposed by an Inquisition nor the obedience exacted by a despotism can extinguish the immortal spirit of human liberty, and if they are looking to start something they will have no one to blame but themselves if that "something" gets beyond their theoretical ideas and they find themselves face to face with an imposing army of anarchy, with hunger for the propelling power, carrying fire and the sword into the sanctuaries of the law.

JAMES T. ROBERTS.

Dyspeptic Criticism

By Orrick Johns

"Outcasts in Beulah Land," by Roy Helton Henry Holt, New York.

Mr. Roy Helton's book has one beautiful line and several passages of more or less "human interest." He writes ballads of New York City devoid of anything like technique or polish, but his buoyant pen and level head are winning. Unpretention recommends him. One supposes this sort of thing is just what he wants to do, and there should be a number of people who will be highly pleased to have him go on doing it.

"Farm Voices," by Don C. Seitz, Harper, London and New York.

"Gol darn the luck," says Mr. Seitz, and whips his plowhorse jade of a Pegasus for a thirty mile jog around the farm and the neighboring country. His detail sounds convincing to one whose farm knowledge goes no further than writing ads for a celebrated pig feed. Mr. Seitz has painted in free rhythms and a rough and ready language, a picture of farm life that is rapidly being altered by the tractor and the gas engine and the telephone. Mr. Seitz, Realist, is at his very best in "The Farmer's Wife," with its surprising and piquant finish:

"She was a good woman,
She looked out for my things,
She was a good provider—
But, somehow, I never liked her."

—a touch in the interest of the always useful and amusing truth, which shows exactly the good influence Edgar Lee Masters has had on American literature. This half hour of ditties is profusely illustrated by Frueh, of the New York World, and once of St. Louis.

"The Winged Spirit," by Marie Tudor, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Love is,
Love is here,
Love is there,
Love is everywhere.
Hearts sigh,
Here,
There,
Everywhere.

Hearts cry,
Hearts cry here,
Hearts cry there,
Hearts cry everywhere.

And two hundred and thirty-nine pages more of the same. Save paper! Let's Win the War!

"Echoes and Realities," by Walter Pritchard Eaton, Doran, New York.

The frigid wanderings of a mild mind over trivial or commonplace matters. More echo than reality. We find on

page 58 of Mr. Eaton's book, the phrase "Out of the misty dream." Turning to the works of Ernest Dowson, we also find,

They are not all, the days of wine and roses;
Out of a misty dream
Our path emerges for a while and closes
Within a dream.

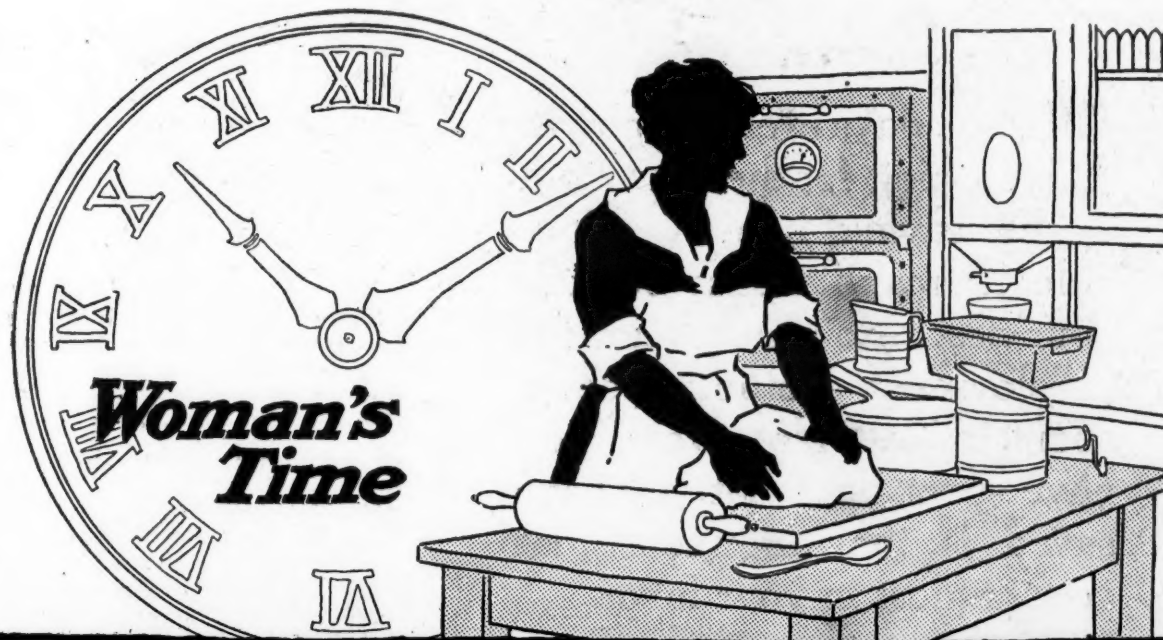
About nine-tenths of the respectable school of American poetry is thus composed from a vague memory of much reading plus a sacred vocation to expatiate on the obvious. Mr. Eaton, however, has originality. On page 109, the reader discovers this gem:

"The rose glow glims."

What's Eaton you, Walter? Douse that poetry glim! Back to the rosy glow of the footlights and the first night.

"Song Flame," by Amy S. Bridgman, The Stratford Co., Boston.

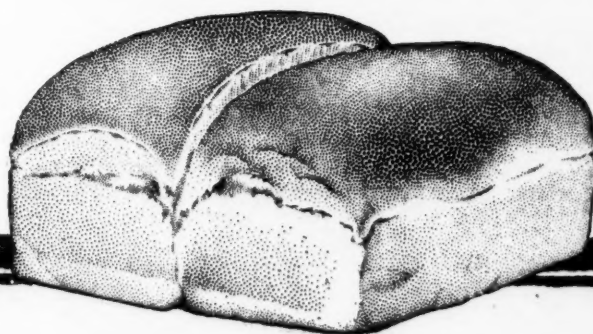
A lady deeply affected by Browning's mode and subject-matter, who expresses



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her thanks to *The Youth's Companion* and *Life* for permission to reprint the poems in her volume. She hadn't ever ought to have disinterred them from those estimable publications, in which they so eminently belong, say we.

"Sunshine and Awkwardness," by Strickland Gillilan, Forbes & Co., Chicago.

This is Strick's favorite lecture. Anybody who has heard Strick deliver it, will forbear to read the cold print, in which the tricks of the comedian clank mechanically. Strick deserted the good ship Brevity shortly after presenting to the awaiting world Finigan's famous re-tort.

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Foresight

The prima donna was reading a rough draft of her new contract. When she came to the paragraph providing that she should have transportation for herself, her maid, her dog, and Signor Gazibeni, her husband, she drew a line through the signor's name. "Just make that husband," she said. "Yes, madam," assented the manager, "but may I ask why?" The diva blushed and coyly fingered her hair. "I might wish to make a change," she answered.

"Alice seems very liberal in her views." "Yes, and very lavish of them." —*Boston Transcript.*

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Anti-kamnia
FOR HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, INFLUENZA AND ALL PAIN—
TABLETS
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Marts and Money

To buy railroad stocks is quite the fashion again on the Wall Street Bourse. Demand embraces not only first-class issues, but also "cats and dogs." The gains established in the past few days vary from three to six points in numerous instances. Even such a slow, staid proposition as Pennsylvania, the premier railroad stock, shows an advance of almost two points on a par value of \$50. New York Central, which could be had at 72 some weeks back, is now held at 82½. St. Paul common has risen from 38 to 46¼. As a result of the *risorgimento*, the speculative element is filled with confidence and optimism about the future of the railroad companies, all the more so because of frequent felicitous utterances on the part of prominent financiers and industrial magnates.

Congress is expected to appropriate at least \$1,000,000,000 for railroad purposes. Inspiration is derived from the news that the financial powers fully approve the idea that the properties "cannot be returned to their owners in their present condition and without adequate legislation for the protection of all parties in interest." This postulate is vigorously voiced by S. Davies Warfield, who represents thousands of owners of railroad securities. Executives of systems comprising about 93 per cent of the total railroad mileage announced their willingness, at their latest conference, to co-operate with the Railroad Administration in the financing of a single issue of equipment trust obligations in the form of a national car trust, to provide for \$400,000,000 worth of equipment purchased by the Government in 1918. Judging by all these and sundry other developments, we are justified in the opinion that matters have reached the climacteric point and that Congress will have to take radical and definitely constructive action at an early date if real disaster is to be avoided. Wherefore Wall Street has jumped to the conclusion that, in anticipation of the day of deliverance, the quotations for shares of this class should be restored to the levels of the early part of 1917, if not to those of the final few months of 1916.

In order to enable readers to visualize to some extent the remaining depreciation, I present herewith a partial list of representative stocks, together with their high records in 1916 and prices quoted at present:

	High 1916	Present Price
Atchison common.....	108½	97
Atlantic C. Line.....	126	105¾
Baltimore & O. common.....	96	53¾
Chesapeake & O.....	71	67¾
C., M. & St. P. common.....	89	46¼
C., M. & St. P. prefd.....	136½	73
Northwestern common.....	134½	100
Northwestern prefd.....	176	129¾
Delaware & Hudson.....	156	115
Erie first prefd.....	54¾	31
Great Northern.....	127½	98¾
Lehigh Valley (par \$50).....	87½	57¾
Louisville & Nashville.....	140	122¾
New York Central.....	114¾	82½
Norfolk & Western com.....	147½	112
Northern Pacific.....	118½	97½

Pennsylvania (par \$50)..... 60 46¼
Reading (par \$50)..... 115½ 89¼
Union Pacific common..... 153¾ 136¼

One conspicuous exception is Southern Pacific, the ruling price of which is 109½, as compared with a maximum of 104¼ in 1916. In our search for explanations of this incongruity, we must not overlook the economic and political upheavals in Mexico and the depressing aftermath of the dissolution of the Union Pacific-Southern Pacific combination. At present, the Southern Pacific, the Federal incubus notwithstanding, is much more prosperous than it ever had been under the Harriman dispensation. Some explanation for the relatively high price of S. P. may be found also in the inflationistic influences of extensive oil discoveries in the Southwest, the company owning quite a large number of very valuable fields.

With regard to the copper and steel industries, we are told that things are mending in encouraging manner, and that more material improvement is confidently looked for in the next two or three months. Very little is said now about the perils inherent in a wide-open steel market. Quotations for material have not declined since cessation of efforts to establish an obligatory schedule, and nothing further will be done in that direction, owing to the Attorney-General's opinion that price-fixing would be violative of anti-trust legislation. It is not believed that what may be regarded as normal demand will be witnessed before January 1. The quotation for copper has moved up to 16 and 16¼ cents per pound. This compares with a recent low level of 14¾ to 15 cents. The turn for the better has led to noteworthy enhancement in the values both of copper and steel issues. The gains range from four to six points in a few cases. The speculative inquiry for Anaconda was additionally fostered by the sharp advance in the value of silver, which at one time was close to \$1.25 in New York, but fell back to \$1.11 subsequently. In this case, as also in that of American Smelting & Refining common, it was correctly pointed out that the heavy demand for white metal must inevitably bring higher dividend rates before long. The two companies mentioned are the largest producers of silver in the United States.

Interest in monetary problems was intensified by a report that the gold producers of South Africa have resolved to sell their precious stuff to the highest bidders henceforth, and not solely to the Bank of England, as hitherto. Not a bad idea. The South African Government is said to be supporting the emancipation movement. South Africa still yields approximately \$175,000,000 gold per annum. In the foreign exchange department, the principal features are drafts on Paris and Rome. The first are down to 6.44 francs, and the latter to 8.20 lire. In both cases parity is 5.19%. The French rate represents minimum for all time; the Italian still is about 60 centesimi below the absolute minimum reached in war-time. Sterling exchange has fallen back to \$4.65; parity is \$4.8665. Bankers say they are badly worried over the

demoralization in the foreign exchange market, and looking about for effective relief measures.

Lest we forget: Mercantile Marine common and preferred have climbed to 53 and 124, respectively. In February last, the low points were 21½ and 92¾. There are rumors that the "deal" is on again for the twenty-third time since 1915. Some joke, don't you think?

Finance in St. Louis

On the local Stock Exchange the recuperative process is gaining in momentum. The disposition to seek and pick up bargains is getting more pronounced. The idea is growing that much higher prices will be seen before the advent of autumn. In the past few days, the banking group was interestingly active, as a result, in part, of the announcement of the merger of the St. Louis Union Trust, Third National and Mechanics-American Banks. The new institution is to be known as the American Union-Third National Bank, with a capital of \$10,000,000. It signalizes the introduction of genuine big finance in the old burg. The trust business will be handled by the St. Louis Union Trust Co., which maintains its independent existence. Nearly two hundred shares of Mechanics-American National were sold at prices ranging from 317 to 324 the other day; thirty Mercantile Trust at 350, and thirty Boatmen's Bank at 118.50, which compares with a low point of 100½ in 1918. The advance in the price of Mercantile Trust amounts to \$10. Numerous transfers of Hydraulic-Press Brick preferred and common were made at 39.40-50 and at 7.37½-7.50, respectively. Of Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney common ninety shares were sold at 50.25, and ten of the first preferred at 80. The rise in the price of silver was responsible for the transfer of one hundred Granite Bimetallic Mining at 30 to 50 cents. The maximum in 1918 was 52½ cents. The sum total of building permits in St. Louis for the fiscal year ended April 30, 1919, was \$6,479,047, showing a shrinkage of \$2,616,627 from the record of the previous year.

Latest Quotations:

	Bid.	Asked.
Boatmen's Bank.....	137½
Jefferson.....	97½
Mechanics-American National.....	317	317
National Bank of Commerce.....	139¾	140
Third National Bank.....	290
Mercantile Trust.....	350¾	351
St. Louis Union Trust.....	340
Title Guaranty Trust.....	74	80
United Railways pfd.....	11	11¾
do 4s.....	51	51½
Fulton Iron com.....	48	49
Mo. Portland Cement.....	76	77½
International Shoe com.....	114
Brown Shoe pfd.....	100½	102
St. Louis Screw.....	200
Hydraulic Press Brick com.....	7
do pfd.....	37½	38½
Central Coal & Coke com.....	20	21½
American Bakery com.....	13¾
Independent Brew. 1st pfd.....	51	53
do 6s.....	79	80
National Candy com.....	107
do 1st pfd.....	100
do 2d pfd.....	102
Chicago Ry. Equipment.....	169¼	170
Wagner Electric.....

Answers to Inquiries.

H. E. K., Des Moines, Ia.—(1) Pacific Mail is quoted at 39. While this indicates a substantial advance over the low mark of 1918, it doesn't seem an extravagant figure. The stock is a promising speculation, and will undoubtedly sell materially higher by and by.

(2) Jewel Tea should be held. Stock has shown no weakness lately, despite issuance of \$3,500,000 6 per cent gold notes, intended to retire all present outstanding bills payable. Company's business steadily growing and common dividends may be initiated in less than a year.

TRADER, St. Louis.—There can be no question that the financial position of the Oklahoma Producing & Refining Co. justifies quarterly payments of 12½ cents a share, equal to 2½ per cent, payable quarterly. Par is \$5. Business and revenues show satisfactory expansion. The 1918 results were \$4,450,380, against \$3,246,491 for 1917. Company making sufficient allowances for depreciation and development purposes. It has more than 1,700 producing wells, a modern refinery, and is about to engage in foreign trade. The stock's current price of 11½ is not excessive. The recent maximum was 13¾. Would advise retaining your certificate and buying another in case of a decline to 10.

SUBSCRIBER, St. Louis. — (1) Corn Products common, quoted at 61, should go still higher in the next few months, say to about 80. There's a probability that dividends will be initiated before the year is out. Five or six per cent could safely be disbursed. (2) While Erie first preferred is a somewhat slow proposition, it will be worth at least ten points more if Congress acts as it is expected to do, though a resumption of dividends is not yet in sight. Quoted price of 31 appears reasonable in existing circumstances and justifies supplementary purchases, though it indicates a rise of eight points above last year's minimum. However, you could easily make a better speculative selection.

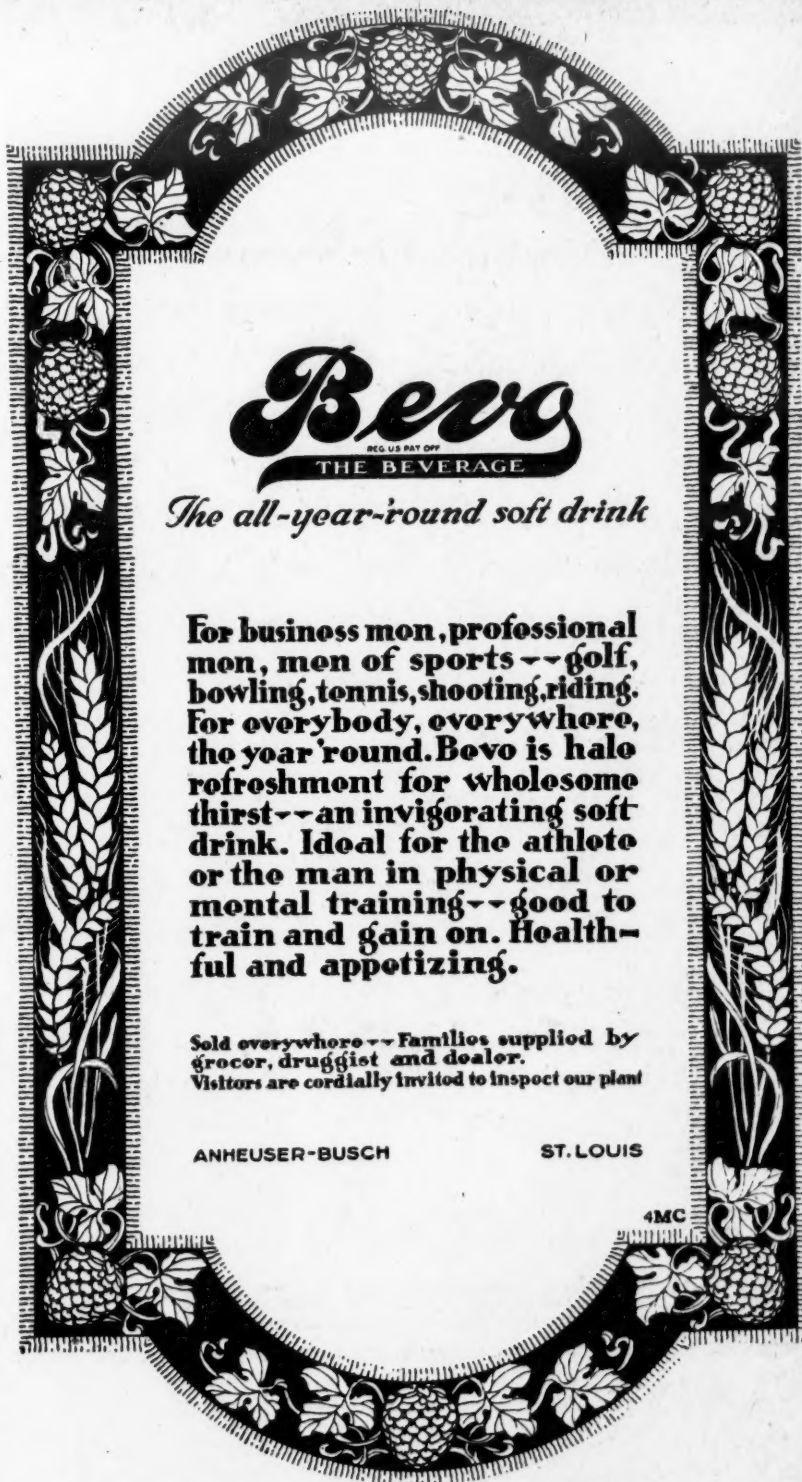
W. O., Utica, N. Y.—(1) The Niagara Falls Power Co. refunding 6s, due January, 1932, are a desirable investment, though not strictly high-grade. Present price of 101 represents fair valuation, and doesn't imply danger of serious depreciation. The low point in 1918 was 96¾. (2) Recommend holding Canadian Government 5s, due 1931, and quoted at 97¾. (3) Chesapeake & Ohio quoted at 67¾. This partly discounts a 5 per cent dividend, but still warrants hopes of an advance to 80 in such eventuality. Company earning about 10 per cent on \$62,792,600 stock outstanding.

Melody in F

"L-l-look here," said the stutterer at the horse sale, "that's a n-nice horse, m-m-m-m-m! How much d-do you want for it?" The owner looked his animal over lovingly. "And a beauty he is, sir," he urged; "a horse I can thoroughly recommend. But you must make the offer." "Well," said the stutterer, "I'll g-g-give you f-f-f-f-f—" "Forty pounds? Done!" said the dealer. "G-g-good!" closed the stutterer. I was trying to say f-f-fifty."

New Mistress—How about the afternoon off? *Norah*—Sure, mum, take wan—I'm willin'.—*Boston Transcript*.

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.



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Capital, Surplus and Profits, \$15,500,000.00

Executive Managers { **N. A. McMILLAN**
WALKER HILL President, **F. O. WATTS**
F. O. WATTS

Effective July 3, 1919, the St. Louis Union Bank, the Mechanics-American National Bank and the Third National Bank will consolidate without change in personnel.

Until July 3 the respective banks will remain in their present quarters and business will be carried on as usual at the separate institutions. Customers will use the same checks, pass books and other forms that they are now using.

On July 3 the new bank will occupy temporary quarters in the Mechanics-American National Bank Building at Broadway and Locust street until the new, permanent bank building is completed.

Customers of the three banks will receive the personal attention in the new bank of the same officers who have been serving them in the past.

St. Louis Union Bank
Fourth and Locust

**Mechanics-American
National Bank**
Broadway and Locust

Third National Bank
Broadway and Olive